

Model Fifty-five, 45 H.P., \$2,500, with Magneto, Lamps, Presto-lite Tank and Tools.

THE NEW RAMBLER is better than any previous Rambler in quality, dignity, silence and comfort, and, in many respects, it is superior to any other automobile.

Model Fifty-five—Seven-passenger; four-cylinder, 5x5½; wheel-base, 123 inches; wheels and tires, 36x4½ inches; equipment—magneto, 6-80 storage battery, two gas head-lamps, electric side-lamps, combination electric and oil tail-lamp, Presto-lite tank, adjustable foot-rest and robe-rail, horn, jack, and tools. Spare Wheel with tire, brackets, and tools, \$100.

THE NEW
Rambler

The Car of Steady Service.

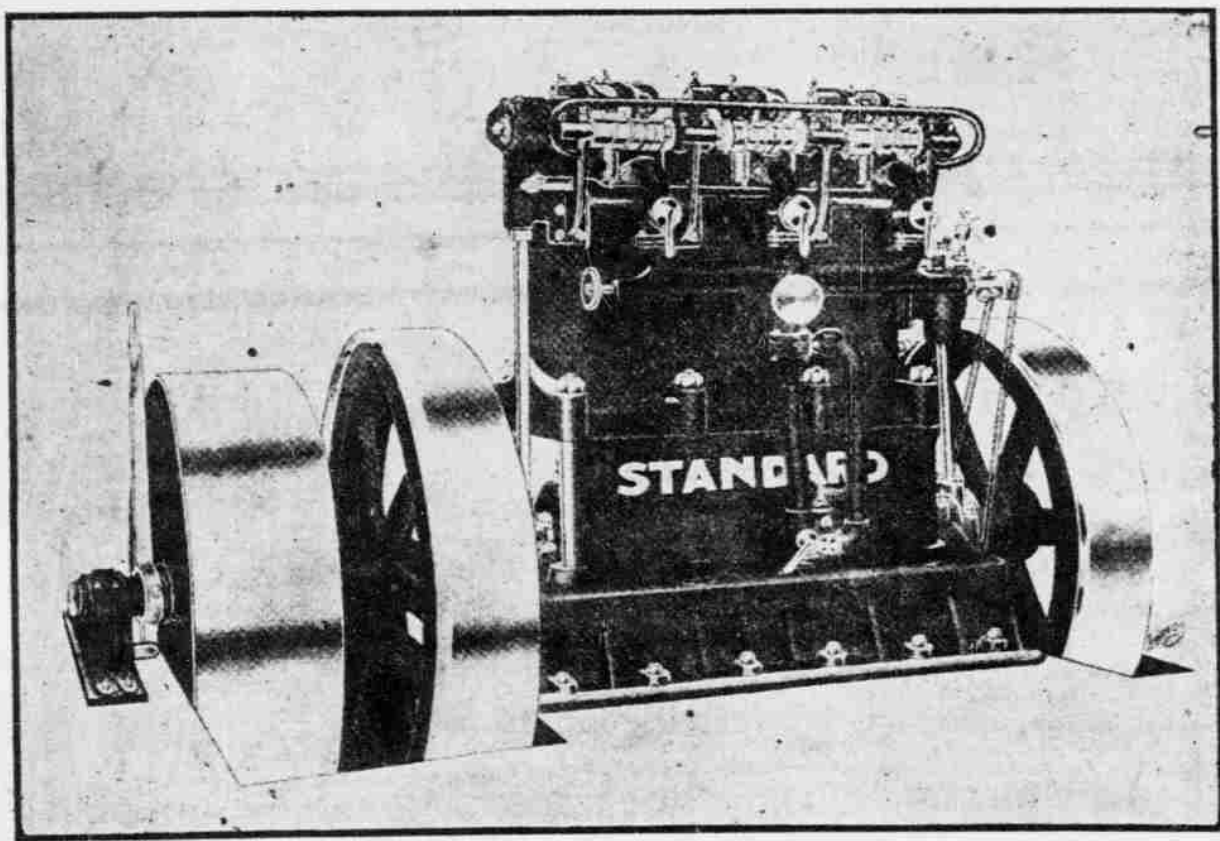
Model Fifty-three, at \$1,800, except for improvements, is identical in quality and power with previous Rambler models which sold at \$2,250.

Model Fifty-three—Five-passenger; four-cylinder, 4½x4½; 34 H.P.; wheel-base, 108 inches; wheels and tires, 36x3½ inches; equipment—magneto, oil side- and tail-lamps, gas head-lights and generator, horn, tools, and jack. Spare Wheel with the brackets and tools, \$75.

First cars to arrive by Alameda November 5.

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Omar Repentant

By Richard Le Gallienne.

Night falls, the stars are rising, and full soon
Over New York shall float the simple moon;
How bright the streets are with the women's eyes,
And the false friendship of the smart saloon!

Lo! Broadway, like a lane of fallen stars;
Hearken the roaring cataract of bars.
The scented rustle of the prowling face,
The cling-clang and the moaning of the cars.

Turn we awhile into this pleasant den,
And talk with me of this strange world of men.

A world, alas! alas! of women too—
Turn we awhile into this pleasant den.

See the bartender with his subtle face!
He smiles at me—ah, yes, I know the place.

And me the place knows well—Sir Pandarus
Of Troy is he—of far-descended race.

He is a minor devil of this hell
We call the world—his part here is to sell

Death and damnation—and if you will buy,
Why in the devil's name should he not sell?

Say, what is yours?—No! no! the drinks are mine;
Shall it be whisky, or shall it be wine?
How young you look—whisky for you, you say?
So be it, stripling, whisky too for mine.

What is the book I saw you with but now?
“The book of verses underneath the bought!”

So that old poison-pot still catches flies!
“The jug of wine, the loaf of bread, and Thou!”

Boy, do you know that since the world began
No man hath writ a deadlier book for man?

You smile—Oh, yes, I know—how old are you?
Twenty—well, I just measure twice your span.

You drank that whisky pretty quick, young sir—
Now keep your eyes from off that woman there,

And hear me talk—look at her face, you say!

Poor soul! there are a million more of her.

Now let me tell you what may come to pass

If you continue draining yonder glass—
The Vine—I beg your pardon—yea! the Grape;
Something like this will surely come to pass:

This glorious garment of your youth shall rot
Little by little; you will know it not—
For the moth hides that feeds upon the silk—
And so the garment of your youth shall rot.

Unnoted, till there comes a day you call
Out on your youth to help you—and lo! the small

Trickle and trickle out of yonder glass

Upon the rock of youth has wasted all.

Hearken to one who hath the wine-press trod:
Nights shall you cry to your forgotten God,

And wring your hands and weep hysteric tears,
Till the dawn smites you like a scarlet rod.

Day shall be made of danger, night of dread;
Faces and fears shall gibber round your bed,

And tears and sweat alike shall sourly stain
The fevered pillow of your furnace head.

Awake at morn—awake, and so athirst,
Awake as though this last drink were your first—

A fire only to be quenched by fire—
Athirst with the fierce drought of the accursed.

To your own self your body a burning shame,
No lustral water long shall cool its flame.

A moment in the bath you say: “Today—”

At night—this day as yesterday the same.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall break

The woman's heart that loves you; it shall take

Away from you your friends—sad, one by one,

And of your own kind heart an agate make.

This shall the Vine do for you—it shall steal

Subtly the kind capacity to feel.

As it to brittle stone your arteries,
So sense by sense in turn it shall congeal.

This shall the Vine do for you—this good brain

By usury of chance favors, it shall drain

Of all its proper powers to think or dream.

And hold it captive by a vinous chain.

By smaller robberies of power and peace,
The Usurer Vine doth make him much increase

Of mortal souls, ripens and purples him,
And takes on bloom: such robberies as these:

Straight limbs he makes to falter and

fills with aches;

Proud backs he bends, and the strong framework shakes
Even of doughty captains of the wars;

No strength beneath the moon but what he breaks.

“Night's candles are burnt out”—Oh, cleansing words!

I quote you here in town instead of birds;
The soul of Shakespeare lives in yonder dawn

After a night of pigsties and of sherds.

Night, with her moths and nightmares and the moon,
Is almost gone—the sun is coming soon;

Night-watchman and night women and the stars
Are slinking home to sleep till after-moon.

And you and I that talked the short night through,
What in this coming day are we to do?

I, being old, shall go on as before,
But you, dear lad, oh! tell me, what



The Cause of Divorce

There would be fewer divorces, blighted lives and wrecked homes if men would correct their physical defects before marriage.

Look over the records of the divorce courts and you will realize how many men who embark upon the sea of matrimony are totally unfit to become husbands. Think of the humiliation and unhappiness that such men bring upon themselves.

No man should suffer from weakness, lost strength or any trouble that saps his vital power when there is such a certain cure as Electro-Vigor.

The reason any man becomes weak and debilitated is because his vitality has been exhausted in one way or another. This vital power is electricity. If you will keep your nerves full of electric life, every organ of the body will do its work as nature intended, and weakness and disease can not exist.

Electro-Vigor is an electric invigorating device for infusing a steady current of electric energy into the nerves and vitals for hours at a time. It fills the nerve cells with new force and vim and makes a man of you in every way.

If you feel that you are not the man you ought to be, make a start now toward regaining your strength and power.

Electro-Vigor has cured others, some of whom, no doubt, were in a worse fix than you are.

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“1103 58th Street, Oakland, Cal.”

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Cut out this coupon and mail it to me for my free 100-page illustrated book about Electro-Vigor. This book explains many secrets you should know regarding the cause and cure of disease.

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of you?

You are so young, you know so little yet,
You are the sunrise, I am the sunset;
It matters little what my end shall be,
But you—but you—you can escape it yet.

Listen—and swear by yonder morning star
To fight, and fight, and fight for what you are,
Straight, trim and true and pure as men are pure—
Swear to me, lad, by yonder morning star!

—Cosmopolitan Magazine.